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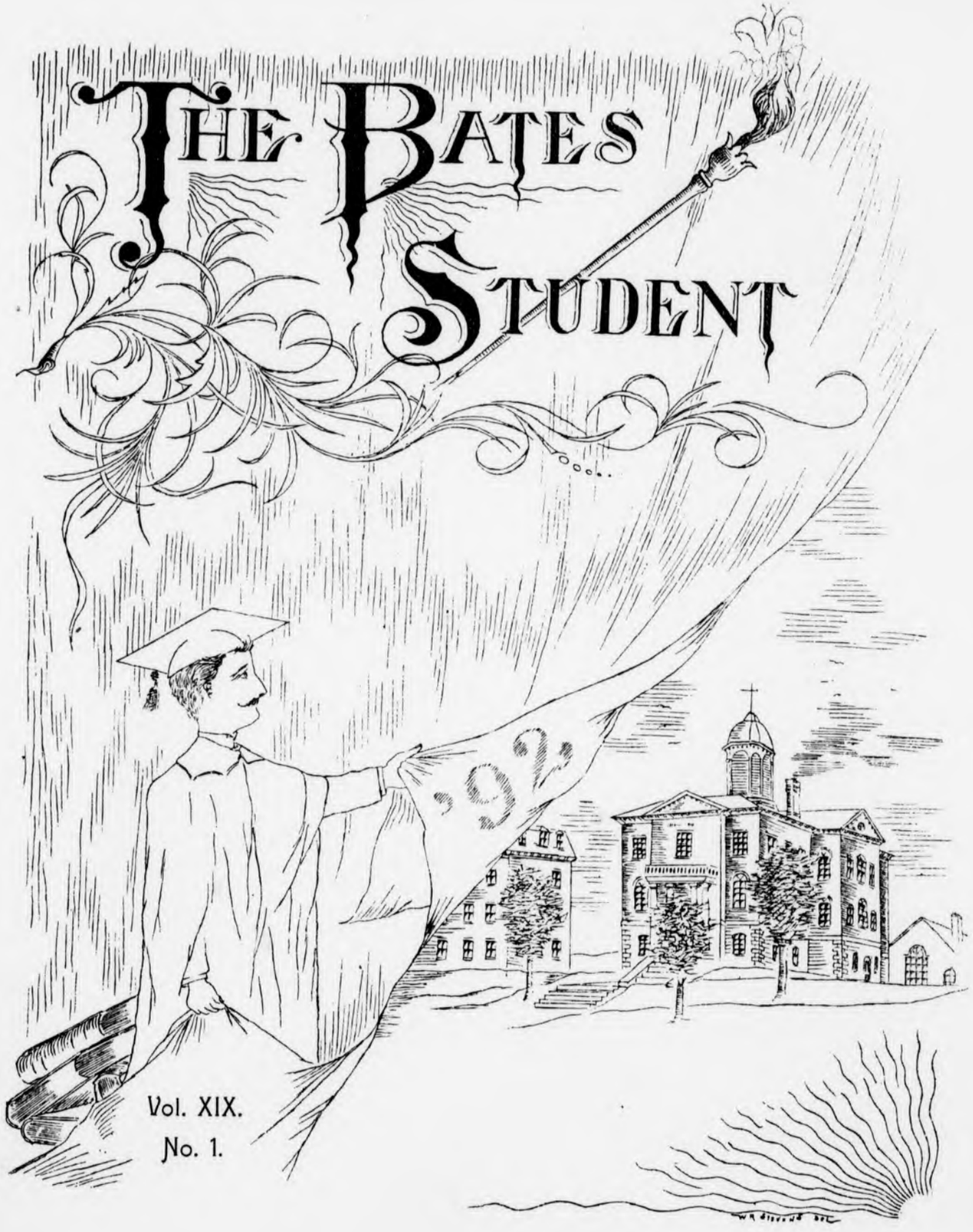
Bates College

THE BATES STUDENT



Vol. XIX.
No. 1.

BATES COLLEGE, LEWISTON, ME., January, 1891.

DEAR SIR:

As is customary, with the present issue, the publishing of our college magazine has passed into new hands. It is the purpose of the present publishing class to sustain the reputation of the STUDENT as a college magazine, and, if possible, make it more interesting than usual, especially to our alumni.

We shall endeavor to obtain communications from alumni who are now traveling in foreign lands, and also from different parts of our own country.

The Personal Department will also receive *especial* attention, and we shall endeavor to give notice of the whereabouts of each one of our alumni some time during the year, but in order to do this we shall require aid from them.

We also wish to increase our circulation, and we trust that every alumnus, receiving a copy of our first issue, whose name is not on our list of subscribers, will, feeling this sense of duty which he owes to his *Alma Mater*, see that his name is added to our subscribing list at once. Any effort among our alumni to interest friends in our college magazine, and thus increase its circulation will be gratefully remembered. Terms, $1.00 per year.

Address all business communications to

C. N. BLANCHARD,

BUSINESS MANAGER BATES STUDENT,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XIX. JANUARY, 1891. No. 1.

THE BATES STUDENT

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CLASS OF '92, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XIX., NO. 1.—JANUARY, 1891.

EDITORIAL.

IT IS with some feelings of apprehension and with no small sense of responsibility that we seat ourselves in the editorial sanctum, take up the editorial pen, and assume the editorial labors, so creditably performed by our predecessors. Our feelings of apprehension arise from anticipations of frequent visits from that unwelcome spectre, which proverbially haunts the editor's sanctum with consequences direful to the unfortunate wielder of the pen and scissors. Our feelings of responsibility arise from the fact that the STUDENT has its own reputation to sustain, and the character of our college to represent; a reputation that is not taken on with each new year, but one which has been gained through seventeen years of successful issue, and to sustain which is a worthy effort; a character that has been slowly forming under various influences,—developed, strengthened, and refined through years of adversity and prosperity. Yet this responsibility rests not upon the editors alone, nor upon the publishing class, but to a great degree upon the whole college and its alumni.

The STUDENT is strictly a college magazine, and every class has the publishing of it some time during its

course, consequently every one connected with the college should be interested in its welfare. Students and alumni, you, too, have a responsibility in the success of your college magazine. Both from a financial and literary standpoint is the STUDENT dependent upon you. Financially, we are dependent upon our alumni subscriptions, and upon our advertisers. Loyalty to our college, and an interest in its welfare, *should* keep up our alumni subscriptions; but no one can be expected to favor us with an advertisement who gets no benefit therefrom. That is not business. The trader who advertises has just as much right to expect a share of our patronage, as we have to expect a load of wood when we pay for it. Other things being equal, our advertisers have the same right to expect the *whole* of our patronage as we have to expect eight feet of wood when we pay for a cord. Then, if the student is to prosper financially, our alumni subscriptions must be kept up, and we must all unite in making it a desirable advertising medium. A combined effort in patronizing our advertisers would soon be felt, and the usual greeting to our business manager's solicitations, "We've advertised in the past but never got anything out of it," would no longer be heard. A sense of duty alone ought to impel us to patronize those that patronize us.

From a literary standpoint, also, are we dependent upon both students and alumni. Our columns are, to a great extent, filled by their work. Especially are the Communications and Personals dependent upon the interest and work of our alumni. These are their departments, and with their aid we shall endeavor to make them interesting. Then let each one bear his share of the burden in making that in which we are all interested a grand success.

NOT the least of the faults to which a student is liable is the habit of inattention in recitations. How many recitations can you recall that were carried through with the undivided attention of every student in the room? How many recitations have you attended when none but the professor and the student reciting knew the subject of discussion? As many of the latter as of the former, we fancy. The cause of this neglect lies, we believe, in an underestimate of the value of the recitation. Too many of us regard it simply as a cursory review of what we have just been studying. As a result, we often allow our thoughts to wander where they will, paying merely enough attention to the recitation to "keep the place." We fail to realize that the recitations are really what we go to college for. If six hours of private study make a college day's work, we might as well take our books and go to college in Central Africa. Rather than consider the recitation as nothing more than an hour spent in glancing over the lesson, we should regard it as an hour of valuable study under the direction of an experienced instructor.

But all this is viewing the matter from a standpoint purely selfish. There is another side tot he question,—

the teacher's side. We are liable to forget the fact that our professors have devoted years, perhaps scores of years, to study of the languages and sciences in which we are hardly yet beginners. When such men are willing to open up for us the mines of information that they have discovered, do we not owe at least the attitude of attention?

It seems but fair, then, whether we consider the matter from our own selfish standpoint alone, or try also to realize the respect due our instructors, to conclude that, when we devote a recitation hour to anything other than its legitimate purpose, we are making a grave mistake.

AMONG the distinctive features of school work, separating it from almost any branch of life-work, are the reviews. How many times in life we would be glad to make good past deficiencies by recalling or doing over again past work. This is denied us. But we may use this means of making the most of our college course.

In some departments a review from day to day is required in the class-room; in others the last few weeks of the term are divided between review and advance work, or are given entirely to the former; while, in still other studies, no allowance seems to be made for our recreant memories. But the student need not depend on the class-room for reviews. Every one knows his special need, each study having for him its own peculiar difficulties. A few, by doing each day's work faithfully, are able to grasp the entire work of a term. Others, by doing a few days' work faithfully (just before test), attempt to do the same. In the one case, the student has the discipline, at least, and an easy access to what he has been over, whether he retains a thorough knowledge of it or not; for he who learns quickly, it is said, does not remember long. On the other hand, he who does all his advancing and reviewing in a few days has, in as short a time, almost nothing for his labor. But to him who cannot adopt one of these methods, and will not attempt the other, there remains another way of not only getting an honorable discharge at the end of the term, but of carrying away imperishable spoils of the war. That is to visit the scene of every battlefield again and again after the hard fighting is over, or, we might better say, it is to thoroughly fix in the mind the work of each day or week by regular and systematic reviews.

Why should not a part of every Saturday be given to this? Why should not the rhetorical work and other Saturday work of the students be so arranged as to favor it? The recent Monday morning lectures, granted to some of the classes, are a help in this direction. To be sure, Saturday is at best a busy day; but the college studies are of primary importance, and a successful student is a thorough student, while in most cases a thorough student is one who gives careful attention to reviews.

THEORETICALLY, the desire to do one's best is all the incentive a student should have. Practically, such talk is all nonsense. Experience

has shown that rivalry is the most potent agent in bringing out of a man what there is in him, in bracing him up to any work. This principle is receiving its full recognition in athletics. Intercollegiate contests are developing experts in physical culture. But for this to be the only sort of rivalry in a realm whose sovereign is mind, matter is subject, is a struggle against reform. The perfection that is reached in base-ball, foot-ball, and tennis, could and should be achieved in intellectual pursuits. The college that boasts of the crack pitcher, should also strive for the honor of the crack orator. Pride justly felt over the feats of the champion half-back, should not crowd out all desire to possess the best debater. Honor, due the expert with the tongue and pen, should not be lavished upon the victor with the bat and racquet. While the struggle for physical excellence continues, our colleges would do well to form some sort of a literary union in which they might bring out, compare, and develop their strength in oratory and debate. Could the four Maine colleges have one argumentative and one oratorical contest every year, the benefit would be inestimable. It would stimulate an interest in such work. It would cause the students to do their level best, not only in the contests themselves, but also in their individual college work. Its cost would be light. There would be but few contestants from each institution. The only prize needed would be a medal. The entire expense would be trifling indeed compared with the results,—a renewed interest in such work in each individual institution, contact with and a knowledge of the methods pursued at other institutions and their points of excellence, and, by no means least, a greater spirit of college patriotism—and God knows there is dearth enough of this article. Surely, then, such a movement deserves candid attention by every institution that is anxious to reap the greatest possible harvest.

THE editorial competition of the classes ceases to be a virtue, whenever it causes a student to withhold his sympathy and assistance, unless it can be exercised through the medium of his own class. In the base-ball season, no one thinks of swallowing the latent "boomalaka," when good plays are made, until a member of his own class distinguishes himself. Then it is Bates and not 'ninety something that is thought of. Then it is "boomalaka," pure and simple; and the Seniorical "gowhack," the threadbare "siss-te-ah-de," the Sophomoric Greek motto, and the "whoopity" of the Freshman, are ruled entirely out of the mind. If some such blizzard of college patriotism would drift in class stakes out of sight in regard to the publication of our magazine, the very best results could be reached for all concerned.

The practical application of this idea is important. Not every one can write an epic or a learned discourse, supposing the STUDENT would assume the responsibility of publishing the same, but every one can add a local, or a personal, or a bit of verse,

and thus have a share in our magazine. After all, it is the locals and personals that find the largest circle of readers, especially among the graduates of the college, and not those longer contributions, which are so apt to exhaust the writer temporarily—and the reader, too. Let us cultivate the feeling that the STUDENT is a stock company in the interests of us all, and that we each hold shares of good-will, and shortly generous dividends can be declared.

WHEN so many of our sister institutions are mourning the decline of their literary societies, we esteem ourselves most fortunate in being able to heartily commend the work of our own during the past year. Seldom, if ever, have they stood so high in finances, membership, and interest, as at present. Their public and private meetings have in general been characterized by full attendance and good attention. The programmes have offered an agreeable variety of entertainment, the regular routine having been frequently interrupted by talks given by alumni of the college, by meetings devoted to the study of a particular author, and by other pleasant and instructive variations. The literary and musical parts in the society meetings have shown a wide range of talent in the college, and have usually been carefully prepared and well presented. Yet, though the great majority of the students have shown that they fully appreciate the opportunities of development afforded by the literary societies, and have endeavored to make the best use of them, there are a few that despise or neglect those opportunities. Despite the oft-repeated advice of college mates and of the STUDENT, and the reproof of the society critics, they persist in staying away from the meetings altogether, in attending with closed mouth and ears, or in taking their parts with little or no preparation, not even the last of which courses can secure any very great amount of benefit. To all such we would say: You are neglecting a most excellent chance to acquire that broad culture and ready tongue, so necessary to bind together and round out the most extensive knowledge. And more than this, by depriving the others of your presence and co-operation, you are hindering them in their work. Especially are your attendance and participation needed at the beginning of this term, when so many of the students are away from college. So come to the meetings and do your duty, and commence now.

LITERARY.

MY PAINTING.

BY M. S. MERRILL, '91.

A picture; 'tis a summer scene;—
Low hills against a sunset sky;
A shadowy slope; one broken tree,
That bends where dreaming waters lie.

Ah! unknown painter, thou hast made
In that strange veil, that hangs between
The unseen world and ours, a rift
Through which I gaze as in a dream;

And, breathless, wait to see the rest—
The wonders of Eternity;—

But no! the veil has dropped once more,
Dreadful and dim, 'twixt them and me.

And sad I stand, until a thought
Comes like slow music, stilling pain;—
"The soul but yearneth for its own;—
'Tis drawn to that from whence it came."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ROCKS OF NEW ENGLAND UPON OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

By R. A. Small, '92.

THEY tell us that the geographical center of our country falls in the Pacific Ocean; but the center of influence we find more than three thousand miles to the eastward; that center is New England. From New England emanate those lofty ideas of right and wrong, and that sense of innate equality, which have already made her the leader of two wars for freedom. We find her sons in every State, molding the New West, regenerating the Old South; fertile of brain and ready of hand, they are everywhere the leaders in industrial pursuits, politics, education, and religion. If, then, the rocks of New England have influenced the character of her own sons, they have hardly less influenced the character of the nation.

It is a well-established fact, that energy and love of liberty are always most strongly manifested by nations inhabiting countries whose natural conditions necessitate toil and privation. Such nations, compelled to struggle against the grand forces of nature, gaining strength and confidence from every victory, seem to participate in the power of their mighty adversaries. Nowhere do we find this principle better exemplified than in New England. The Yankee race, buried in snow one-half of the year, and delving among rocks the other half, has developed, in a proverbially high degree, ingenuity, shrewdness, enterprise, and, above all, that assertion of *self* which in itself constitutes freedom. But the character of a nation should be estimated not altogether from generalities, but also from the lines along which that character especially develops itself. Of these lines the most prominent are industrial pursuits, political methods, and religious sentiment. Let us, then, consider under these three heads the ways in which New England's rock-ribbed hills, stony plains, and frowning cliffs have contributed to the development of her sons.

At the very beginning of our history, the influence of these forbidding features of the country was already at work. For on account of them, only men of earnest purpose, of undaunted courage, and of strong religious conviction came hither as colonists, while the triflers and adventurers flocked to pleasanter climes. By stony and barren fields, no less than by Indian atrocities, these early settlers were forced to gather into hamlets and towns; thus the bulk of the population was compelled, forsaking agriculture, to seek those more secure and profitable callings, commerce and manufacturing. Here again the influence of our cliffs and mountains is apparent. For before the eyes of the colonists lay the magnificent harbors afforded by our rocky coast, and the unequaled water-powers furnished by scores of swift mountain

streams. From these natural conditions sprang the forests of masts that crowd our sea-ports; thence arose the giant mills clustered about our water-falls. Upon these conditions, in a word, depends all the material prosperity of New England.

To those natural causes which gathered the settlers into widely-separated communities, we also owe the most perfect unit of government yet devised by man. For here it was that the town meeting, originating as the folkmote of our Teutonic forefathers, handed down as a precious birthright from generation, sometimes disappearing, always obscured, at last found a soil congenial to its full development.

To similar causes is also due the evolution of the Protestantism of to-day from that of our Pilgrim ancestors. Their religion, though true and sincere, yet was too harsh and gloomy to be embraced by men in general, and to become a widespread power for good. But, relieved by the barriers of the wilderness from all opposition, it gradually lost the sullen tone into which it had been driven; thus arose the present happy combination of liberality in minor points which has given to our religion its popular and influential character, with that severe uprightness of our forefathers which has hitherto enabled it to withstand the encroachments of European levity and vice.

We have seen that New England rules the commercial, political, literary, and moral sentiment of the country. Where else than in her rocks will you find the cause of this preponderance? Seek it in the heroism of her first colonists; but the maintenance of their strength and bravery, nay, their very presence upon our soil, we owe to the rocks of New England. Seek it in her industries, her politics, her religion; but all these have been developed by the influence of her rocks. Seek it in the grandeur of the men she has produced; the Endicotts, Warrens, Adamses, Websters, and Sumners, who have graced our history; but the conditions by which they were surrounded, the opinions among which they were reared, we owe to the rocks of New England. Seek where you will for the causes of New England's greatness and influence, you will return to the same point; for above and behind every act, every institution, every sentiment of New England and of the country at large, lies the molding and inspiring power of the Rocks of New England.

ADAM BEDE.

By M. S. Merrill, '91.

PASSING through a gallery of paintings we are often arrested by a single one out of the hundreds hanging there. It is not, perhaps, remarkable in design; in color and shading the unpracticed eye may detect no unusual fineness. Yet we pause before it as one who suddenly catches a rare note of distant music.

What is the difference between the last picture and the others? Simply this: Those we passed by, though perhaps admirable in design and execution, were without life. The last was a human soul made visible; the artist's self went into the work.

As with paintings so it is with books. We read and forget numberless works. But one out of many remains with us. It is a gleam of truth; a glimpse of things eternal, and cannot be forgotten.

Among the books that endure we may place "Adam Bede." It is like the rare picture—the true note of music. It owes none of its charm to a romantic plot or to brilliant coloring, for George Eliot is sternly, almost bitterly, realistic. She paints human nature without flattery, and shows the veiled forces that are working to make it what it is. Portraying with perfect truthfulness the daily life of prosaic men and women, with all its quaint, vulgar, and ridiculous details, she reveals to us the lurid tragedies, that smoulder like volcanic fires under the crust of the commonplace.

Such are the contrasts that she uses, and every reader acknowledges the power of the work thus shaped from the most unpromising material.

In "Adam Bede" the purpose that seems to color plot, characters, and incidents, is this: to show that a wise Providence can so bring good out of evil that sin and suffering shall be a kind of education, even to the guilty, if, through the suffering, they come to abhor the sin.

This is shown in the life of the hero, Adam Bede. By nature he is honorable, manly, and affectionate. But through his, as through many another fine character, runs a vein of hardness. He cannot understand the weakness and indecision that are often coupled with the most admirable qualities of mind and heart. By the sin of another, one whom he had trusted and loved, he suffers the keenest sorrow, and by his suffering is the gold of his nature refined. With pain comes gentleness and a new power to understand and help those whom once he would have simply despised.

Hetty, through pain, finds the humanity and divinity within her, as, according to the old Scottish fairy lore, an elf, by sharing the sorrows of mortals, receives the gift of a human soul.

The fatal self-complacency of Arthur's easy-going nature is destroyed by his stern awakening and the necessary wrench given to a character that seemed destined to slide in the oiled grooves of self-indulgence.

Finally, Adam is saved from an unhappy marriage, and the union of two rare natures brought about by what seemed, at first, wholly an evil.

One thing that gives this book its quaint, peculiar charm is the vein of keen, dry humor that runs through it. George Eliot's wit is peculiarly her own. As a rule it borders closely upon sarcasm and satire (dangerous weapons, but seldom misused in her hands, for with all her keen insight into human nature, George Eliot is charitable). But at times she astonishes us, in the midst of a quiet passage, by a flash of almost elfish drollery.

Some passages in the work, too, are full of a beautiful pathos, but, as a rule, the author deals not so much with the pathetic as with the terrible.

The book, as a whole, is a rare work of art. As a painter copies faithfully a landscape, realizing, with the true

artist's instinct, that nothing of his own invention can equal the works of that rarest of all artists—Nature; so has the author of "Adam Bede" painted, with great fidelity, what her keen and thoughtful eyes actually saw. The result is a work, rare, beautiful, and indescribable as the tint upon the clouds at sunrise—not like the sunrise flush, evanescent, but destined to endure while human souls sin, hope, and suffer.

EDMUND BURKE AND HIS TIMES.

By Scott Wilson, '92.

TO fairly estimate a man's greatness, and to derive the most benefit from a study of his works, he should not be taken out of the world in which he moved. It is not enough to say that he accomplished this or that to stamp him with the seal of greatness, but it is also necessary to know under what conditions he accomplished it. The various elements which effected the molding of his character, the difficulties which he was obliged to meet, and the influence which his works had upon the age in which he lived, and upon posterity, should be carefully considered. And of no one is this more true than of him, who strove so well to safely direct the course of the English Ship of State during the social storms and revolutionary tempests of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and rendered the name of Edmund Burke an honor to the Irish race.

Born in Dublin, at the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, though of humble parentage, he was destined to be in active service in shaping England's course, when her very foundations were being shaken by a current of reform running through her people, by the amputation of one of her chief supports, and by the throes of a rival and neighboring nation, struggling for what, in their deluded fancy, they deemed to be the true essentials of liberty.

The first molding of this great genius' intellect and moral nature was at the hands of a Protestant schoolmaster near Dublin, under whose guidance he made rapid progress in his studies, read the Bible every morning, noon, and evening, and as he said, "was the better man for such reading." His next important training was at Dublin University, which he entered at the age of sixteen. Here, though his work in his studies was somewhat desultory, he daily drank at a fountain whose waters are intellectual life. Three hours a day in the library, and a careful study of Grecian and Roman historians, and poets, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Addison, laid a foundation of a knowledge so refined as to call forth praise from the learned Johnson, and so diversified as to excite the admiration of the world. History and Poetry were his favorite studies, "the former to strengthen and reform, the latter to refine and elevate." His work in a debating society aided in developing those powers that were afterwards so much admired in the House of Commons. It was a pleasure, as Goldsmith said, to see him in debate wind into his

subject like a serpent. But, most important of all, he was a persistent and indefatigable worker; this enabled him to store up in his retentive mind the treasures of facts, principles, and great truths, that made him the far-sighted statesman, the powerful orator, the accomplished writer, and the versatile-minded man.

The condition of England in the latter part of the eighteenth century presented a field for the exercise of all his abilities. Her disregard for justice among her colonies, the cries of her people for reform, and her attitude toward the French Revolution caused him no little apprehension, rousing within him that hatred of oppression and that suspicion against radical reforms, which characterized his life-work. The part that he played during this period, though not producing such an immediate and apparent effect as that of the Pitts, had an influence which was not only weighty in shaping England's course then, but has reached down into posterity.

A desire for liberty had sprung into life on this side of the ocean, and was being nurtured into maturity by the stubborn and oppressive course of George III.; Burke's strenuous opposition to such a course and his eloquent expositions of its tyranny and its consequences did much toward making it unpopular in England, and showed the wisdom of the statesman.

The King's influence over the House of Commons by bribery and intrigue had rendered it his servant and the representative of the wealthy classes and followers of the Royalty; Burke's Economic Reform of 1782 stopped the bribing of members, lessened the influence of the crown over the House, and was the beginning of reforms which made that assembly representative of the people. It was during this period that English rule in India began; and it was his inquiries into the condition of India, his work on the India Reform Bill, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings, that brought England to a sense of the responsibility resting upon her in that direction.

Burke's position in regard to the French Revolution showed the comprehensiveness of his intellect and the character of the man. When at first Fox and his followers applauded and cried out, "How much the greatest event that ever happened in this world!" Pitt remained indifferent, Burke stood alone in the House of Commons and denounced it with all the vigor of his powerful mind. He saw in it no liberty for the individual, but only an irrational upturning of the work of ages, with nothing substantial to take its place. He said: "It is impossible not to admire the spirit, but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a manner shocking; and if it is character rather than accident, then the people are not fit for liberty, and need a strong hand to coerce them." He held that society was founded upon the past, and that its foundation extended into, and was so dependent upon, the works of thousands of years; that to disturb its delicately-balanced equilibrium by radical reform was dangerous. "Reform," he says, "is not a change in the substance, but an

application of a remedy to the grievance complained of." "To innovate is not to reform." By his efforts the feelings of the people were turned into hatred and disgust for such an unprincipled innovation, and the results attested his farsightedness. It may seem strange that he never stood at the head of his national party, but it was because his opinions were never limited by party lines. So he was at times very unpopular, and often *his* party consisted only of himself; yet it was a party that established principles for the reforms of posterity.

As an orator, he was in some respects excelled by Fox and Pitt, but in poetic imagination, in elegance of style, and in loftiness of thought, he is unsurpassed by any orator of modern times. His speeches in the House of Commons and at the impeachment of Warren Hastings are monuments of eloquence that shall go down admired through all the ages. An adversary says of him: "As an orator, notwithstanding some defects, he stands unrivaled. No man was better calculated to arouse the dormant passion, to call forth glowing affections of the human heart, and to 'harrow up' the innermost recesses of the human soul." Under the light of the testimony of his contemporaries, the epithet, "the dinner-bell of the House," applied to him on account of the rapidity with which the seats became vacant on his rising to speak, dissolves into its elements, unpopularity and partisan ill-will. No doubt there was also an element of truth in it, but it was due to his widespread unpopularity during the latter part his life, rather than to his being an uninteresting speaker. The Opposition, and even members of his own party, conceived a great dislike for him, and neglected no opportunity for making it known. But Grattan said of him: "He is unquestionably the first orator among the Commons of England." Thus has his fame as an orator been dimmed by personal unpopularity and partisan ill-will; but gradually, as the day of his fame wears on, the mists of prejudice are breaking away before the brilliancy of the orb behind them, and the grandeur of his eloquence is destined to shine forth with a brightness equaled by few in history.

But the resources of this wonderful mind were not exhausted by the demands of the statesman and orator. The elasticity of his imagination, the profundity of his thought, and the broad scope of his genius are, perhaps, best set forth in the productions of his pen. Though nearly all these are in the form of letters, political pamphlets, and philosophical treatises, yet for excellence of style,—variety and copiousness of diction, original and impressive figures, keen innuendo, and scathing irony, and profound and noble thoughts,—they are, excepting, perhaps, the writings of Lord Bacon, unsurpassed in English prose. He never stopped with a mere superficial examination of a subject, but plunged into its innermost depths, searched into its most minute recesses, and viewed it in the full light of his brilliant mind; and no kaleidoscope ever exhibited its contents in a greater variety of beau-

tiful colorings, and in more symmetrical and striking forms, than did the mind of Burke any subject he undertook to treat.

In no one man, since the days of Rome, has there been such a variety of great talents assembled. Not only was he the great statesman, orator, and writer, but his general knowledge seemed boundless. His opinion on works of art was highly respected by the artists of his day, and his conversational powers were second only to those of the great Johnson, who said of him: "That man calls forth all my powers." But what adds greater luster to his fame is the noble soul of the man. He was generous beyond his means to whatever promised merit, and his nature abhorred anything that savored of oppression. His position on the momentous questions that demanded the consideration of English statesmen during the latter part of his life, and his unswerving advocation of whatever he believed to be right, amid storms of unpopularity, shows the penetrativeness of his mind and his moral courage. Those were times when wisdom and courage must go hand in hand, yet this man never faltered in his duty. His humble birth and decided opinions had a tendency to encourage and incite the pursuers in that "hunt of obloquy," which attended him through life; but by persistent and untiring efforts he rose above it all. Obstacles were to him barriers to be removed or overleaped, not mountains to be avoided. "*Nitor adversum*" was truly the motto for a man like him, and *omnia labore vincit* might well have been his epitaph.

THE GIFTS OF THE HOURS.

By N. G. Bray, '91.

The Hours in quick succession passed me by
With hurrying feet, and hid themselves away
In dim recesses of the shadowy Past.
In either hand each bore a gift,—of life
Or death, of weal or woe, a blessing or
A curse. An instant only paused each hour
In turn, to bid me choose whate'er I would,
And while I staid, uncertain of my choice,
The time went by, and lo! the hour was fled.

At length there came a fleeting Hour, who bore
Fair Pleasure in her left hand, while her right
Held Duty. As she paused an instant in
Her flight, and turned her questioning gaze on me,
I held outstretched both eager hands, and grasped
At Pleasure, crying, "O bright Hour, which all
Too soon shalt pass away, let me for one
Brief moment clasp fair Pleasure to my heart,
And then will I take Duty by the hand,
And follow where she leads."
In careless mirth
The moments quickly sped, and ere I was
Aware, the hour had passed, and lo! my prize
Had turned to ashes in my grasp. I called
Aloud upon the vanished hour to come
And let me choose once more, but she had fled,
And borne her slighted burthen from my reach;
And there remained to me, of all the gifts
The new-born day had promised, naught but tears,
And bitter mockery of dust. Remorse
And vain regret filled all my soul. I bowed
My head with bitter tears, to wait until
The weary day should close.
At length I heard
A gentle whisper in my heart: "There yet
Remains one hour. Arise, and take the gift
She brings to thee." I raised my head and looked.
The starlight dim disclosed a shadowy form,
Approaching silent with extended hand,
Which held sweet Peace and joyous Hope.
"Weep not,"
The voice said, "for the past which cannot be
Recalled. But let thy thoughts dwell on those hours
Which wait their turn in the recesses of
That realm, whence each fair new-born day comes forth
To scatter good or evil gifts, as each

Shall choose, among mankind. Let not the hours
Pass by and leave thee empty-handed, nor
Too quickly grasp at what may seem most fair;
But choose thou wisely, that thou may'st not need
To weep that thou dost hold but worthless dust,
Instead of golden fruit."
The hour passed on,
But all my soul was filled with joy and hope.
And, as the rosy flush of dawn began
To tinge the eastern sky, I stood erect,
Impatient for the coming hours, which all
The day should pass me by with hurrying feet,
Rich-fraught with duties for my willing hands,
And bright with promise of that lasting joy
Which shall not turn to ashes, but abide.

OVER-TAUGHT AND UNDER-EDUCATED.

By M. H. Ingalls, '91.

THIS season of graduation makes opportune the consideration of our system of education. An educated person is one whose physical, mental, and moral powers have been so disciplined and developed that he is master of them, and can use them all as God intended he should.

Do our present methods of education produce this result? Ask this bright boy, this intelligent-faced girl on the way to school, to tell you the story of stones over which they daily walk. Their look is blank; their response a confession of ignorance. To them, these are merely rocks, and reveal nothing of the creative hand of God.

Take a walk into the woods with these scholars nearly at the close of their school life. They can tell you nothing about the habits and songs of the birds they see and hear. To them, a flower is something pretty and dainty, but says nothing of its wonderful growth from the seed.

Few graduates from our schools can distinguish between a master's painting and a poor copy of it. Music to most of them is merely a pleasant sound, something to be enjoyed, but does not move the heart or inspire the soul. Poetry, history, philosophy, have little attraction for them. Lacking moral culture, they have no reverence for God's word and world, but only ridicule and criticism are awakened in their minds.

Pupils do not patiently master the difficult points in their lessons. They either accept unquestioningly the statements of the text-book, or look to the teacher for explanation, and go away satisfied without exercising their own reason. These same students, grown into men and women, incapable of original investigation, follow blindly the guidance of their minister, their family physician, the social or political leader of their community.

According to our definition, then, the present educational methods do *not* produce educated people. What is the cause of this failure? It cannot be want of time, for the city scholar has fourteen years of school life outside of a college course. Neither is there lack of money. Yearly the amount devoted to education is increasing. Continually are rising more beautiful and convenient buildings, supplied with abundant books and apparatus. The number of teachers is increasing, and new studies are constantly being introduced. Is not the trouble with our scholars that they are over-taught and under-educated?

Ours is an age of material acquisition and progress. The ruling passion of the hour is the desire to accumulate money. Every department of life is affected by this paramount purpose. It invades the school-room, and even the academic and college hall, and coarsely and imperiously demands a "practical" education. It is in obedience to this demand that within a few years special schools and special courses in our colleges have been so generally established. Many professed educators base their claim to confidence and patronage upon the brief time in which they can manufacture to order a specialist of any description. Why! the mathematical problem of the possible combination of our alphabet has had to be solved, to furnish letters for professional titles. Our schools and colleges, instead of educating symmetrically the physical, mental, and moral natures of their students, instead of teaching them how to use their faculties and how best to fit themselves for the responsible duties of life, are training our youth for special pursuits,—are making mere "experts" for the accumulation of money.

The result of this change in our educational system is not only to limit the general scholarship of our students, but also tends to make them superficial.

The same spirit that demands the special course requires the briefest possible time for its mastery. Hence the teacher, no longer a guide to inspire in the heart of his pupil a love for knowledge, a noble ambition to be equipped for the duties of life, becomes a professional trainer and coacher.. The student is over-taught, but under-educated.

The remedy is to return to the true ideal of education, and to use our improved facilities for its attainment.

There is no royal road to education. Neither has there been nor will there ever be any new process patented for its easy and quick attainment. The wise student, then, will hold to the true ideal, and seek that broad culture which, if not so soon acquired, will better fit him for the discharge of the duties of this life and better prepare him for the life hereafter.

COMMUNICATION.

WITH the men of Bates College, and especially with the Freshmen, I wish to have a few words. Many of you have returned to college with a determination to do the best work of the year during this term, when your attention is not called from your studies by receptions, base-ball, and other numerous happenings of the summer. No doubt many of you are endeavoring to accomplish this purpose by a close application to study, taking for your only exercise the short walks to recitations and an occasional stroll down College Street. I doubt not that you have been urged more than once to be regular in attendance upon gymnasium. The causes assigned for neglecting this branch of college work are varied. Some of you think that the half-hour spent in the gymnasium, is a half-hour taken from your time for study. Others, who live at a distance, "get exercise enough in walking back

and forth from your homes." Many, however, neglect this work from pure, unadulterated laziness.

Now the best results cannot be achieved, this term, without a liberal amount of sturdy physical exercise. A strong, energetic, and active brain cannot develop in an indolent and lazy body. Lack of time and the burden of mental labor hanging over you furnish the excuse for many. These very students spend much time in idle prating and in desultory reading that could be used to much greater advantage in preparing their minds for still greater exertions by developing, through judicious gymnastic work, a strong physique that will not break down under the mental strain of later life.

Spend less time in hovering over the newspapers. Many seemingly readable pages of the modern newspaper are written by mediocre writers, who can interest, but neither instruct nor develop.

In some way or another, you *can* find time to devote to your physical well-being.

Walking is a very good exercise; but after observing the drooping shoulders and hollow chests of those who indulge in this alone, you will agree with me that some other exercise is needed for the development of the body and arms.

You whom laziness keeps away from the gymnasium must consider that this characteristic, fostered in college, will remain with you through life. Some of the students at Bates, as at every institution, seem to take pleasure in assuming a pedantic appearance and in walking as if they were overloaded by the stupendousness of their brain power, while their soft, flabby muscles bear witness to themselves and others of their lack of that physical development, which is the foundation and basis of mental power. Then let those of this class among you arouse from that stupidity and morbidness that are indicative of the poor working of the brain, leave the overheated and foul atmosphere of recitation and study rooms, for a half-hour's work in the gymnasium, and come forth with a clear, active mind, an elastic and graceful step, and an erect bearing.

I do not mean for each one of you to become an accomplished athlete, for that is both impossible and undesirable. But exert yourself enough in gymnastic exercise to clear from your befogged brain those dull mists that prevent it from performing the functions of which it is capable. In a word, if you wish to approach more nearly the best mental and physical condition, supplement your daily mental exertions with a liberal dose of physical exercise.

WM. F. GARCELON.

From a physical examination recently made of the entire Freshman class at Yale, Dr. J. A. Seaver, the authority on such subjects there, finds that out of 260 men, 30 are in bad physical condition, 75 in fair physical condition, 100 in good physical condition, and 55 in first-rate health. The average age is about 19, the average weight, 135 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches. 15 per cent. are tobacco users.

LOCALS.

. Have you got back yet?

Who owns Swan's Island?

Only one of the STUDENT editors is out teaching.

The "priest of Osiris." The assistant manager of the STUDENT.

The local editor's ears have become abnormally extended harkin' for items.

Professor Jordan attended the pedagogical convention at Waterville during vacation.

Professor Jordan is giving his class in Zoölogy exercises in microscopic work.

Professor Anthony is to give an address to the Christian Associations, February 11th.

No band rehearsals the first four weeks, which state of affairs is too good to last.

A number of the students attended the lecture by Henry M. Stanley at Portland, January 12th.

Professors Chase and Angell were present at the alumni meeting held in Boston, December 30th.

Harris, '94, is teaching book-keeping and penmanship in the Y. M. C. A. classes of the city.

Miss Bodge, of the Senior class, who has been absent for a term on account of ill health, has rejoined her class.

The Juniors have received an addition to their number, F. C. Adams, from Alleghany College.

The Sophomores have been very successful thus far in seeing winter birds, and have already some large lists.

The chapel harp has been hung on the weeping willow tree thus far this term, in the absence of chorister Libbey.

The Faculty are arranging to open a certain number of electives in the Senior year to those students who desire it.

Although so many are absent as yet, the most of the classes are holding their regular weekly prayer-meetings as usual.

In Zoölogy: Professor—"The oyster has all its food brought to it." Hungry Student (in stage whisper)—"Soft snap!"

Library hours at present are from 1.30 to 3.30 P.M. on all week days, excepting Saturday, when the time is from 9 to 11 A.M.

The Sophomores welcome two new members to their class this term, Mr. J. A. Snow, of Pine Point, and C. A. Record, formerly of '92.

The regular triennial catalogue of the college and alumni will be issued next June, after which a quinquennial will be published instead.

The Polymnian Society, on January 9th, the first Friday evening of the term, held a special meeting on "The Times of Queen Elizabeth."

The library of the Eurosophian Society has recently been re-arranged and catalogued, and sixty-five new volumes have been added.

The devotional committee of the Y. M. C. A. have posted, on the

bulletin-board, a list of topics for every regular meeting of this term.

The Juniors are taking English Literature this term in the place of Zoölogy begun, since Professor Chase expects to be absent next winter.

Wicked Junior (as Bruce, '93, goes up to the desk, before chapel exercises, to give a notice to Professor Hayes)—"*Haze* and *darkness* obscures our vision!"

Those students in town who have "not returned" yet will be reported by our vigilance committee, if they do not materialize at recitations before our next issue.

V. E. Sawyer, formerly of the class of '92, who left college and went to Sioux City last November, has entered the class of '92 in the University of the Northwest.

A programme has been arranged for a joint meeting of the Eurosophian and Polymnian Societies, to be held on Washington's Birthday, similar to the exercises last year.

The pedagogues have largely returned, some of them sadder and wiser, but the most of them neither, and all of them with untold wealth concealed about their persons.

About thirty-five students were present the first morning of the term. Chapel exercises were held around the stove in the reading-room, as the heat was not sufficient in Hathorn Hall.

The survivors of '92 have been enjoying the disadvantages of non-co-education for the first two weeks, since the three Graces of their class have been exerting elsewhere, over younger America, their restraining influence.

Nearly every member of the Sophomore class has added to his winter list of birds the white owl. Those who have not succeeded yet in seeing this abundant bird are referred to Long's restaurant.

The membership course of lectures by the city Y. M. C. A., yet to occur, are as follows: February 12th, "Success," Rev. G. M. Howe; February 26th, "The Causes of the Late War," Col. F. M. Drew.

The members of the college senate are Pugsley, '91; Nickerson, '91; Cutts, '91; Howard, '91; Ferguson, '92; Howard, '92; Emery, '92; Adams, '93; Hoffman, '93; and the member from '94 has not yet been elected as we go to press.

The gymnasium has not been opened yet to the classes separately, but instead a temporary arrangement has been made on a strictly non-co-educational basis. All the young men can attend together at 12.45 P.M., and the young ladies at 4.30 P.M.

A club of students, staying in town during vacation, began to read Constitutional History with Professor Wood, but the transient character of its members made it impossible to continue the reading with regularity enough to insure any very definite results.

The room on the first floor of Hathorn Hall, formerly used for the storage of chemicals, is being fitted up into a sanctum for the STUDENT editors, where they can conveniently gather

together around the mucilage bottle and shears to grind out their original matter.

Advice to the Seniors from an alumnus: Purchase your tall hats now and wear them this year, for you will never be such fools again, that is to say, you can never enjoy tall-hat dignity again so much as when you are Seniors in college. [The young ladies of '91 need not be worried by the above advice.—*Ed.*]

Parker Hall has not been entirely deserted during the winter vacation. Small, '91, Wilson, '92, and from '93, Bruce, Yeaton, Pennell, Haynes, and Small, have endeavored to keep the latch string out. Also Cutts and Nickerson, unable to withstand the Seniorical temperature of the bell room, have occupied a room in Parker Hall.

The Y. M. C. A. in the city has presented the following list of entertainments during the winter, but the most of them, coming unfortunately in vacation time, could be enjoyed by only a small number of the students: George Kennan, November 1st; "Bob" Burdette, November 22d; Lotus Glee Club, November 28th; Prof. J. W. Churchill, December 18th.

A patriotic Bates graduate, of the class of '90, who is teaching in the Forsythe School, in Philadelphia, has transplanted bodily, to the class of '92 there, the melodious and weather-stained war-cry of the present Juniors here at Bates, and has also prevailed upon the entire school to exchange their old color for garnet. Let the good missionary work go on!

A wonderful case of unparalleled resignation. Scene and time: Last vacation aboard the homeward-bound train as it stops at Sebago Lake. Lauren (composing himself in his seat as he mistakes a steam saw-mill three miles away around the end of the lake for an approaching train)—"Well, by gee, we've got to wait here for that engine to pass us!"

Babb, '91, the versatile orpheus of Bates College, comes out this term with two new musical instruments, a violin and a baby, upon which he has acquired remarkable skill in manipulation for his limited practice. The former instrument bears the legend "A. Stradivarius, Cremona, 1724," and the latter, "Elizabeth Babb, Lawrence, Mass., November 20, 1890."

"Pa, what kind of a thing has that man got on?" asked the Small Boy of his Encyclopedic Parent. E. P.—"It is called a sweater and the young man is a college student, for you can see '92 on his breast in red letters." S. B. (clinging closely to his parent in vague terror)—"What does that mean, Pa?" E. P. (who reads the papers)—"That, my son, is the 'Mark of Cain.' Hurry, let us conceal ourselves. He is approaching us!"

The next lectures of the course in pedagogy will be delivered by W. E. C. Rich, '70, of the Dudley School in Boston, and E. J. Goodwin, '72, of the Newton High School. These will probably occur during the present term. Arrangements are also being made to present to the students a course of at least three lectures, to be

given by Bates graduates, on the three professions, medicine, law, and the ministry. A more definite announcement can be made in our next issue.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, was elected President of the Maine Pedagogical Society at its last meeting, which was held in Waterville, January 1st, 2d, and 3d. Bates graduates took a prominent part in the proceedings of this meeting. Friday morning, January 2d, Mr. Sampson read a paper on the subject, "To what Extent are the Public Schools Meeting Public Demands?" Prof. L. G. Jordan, '70, of Bates College, discussed the question, "Can the library system of study be successfully introduced into the common schools?" In the afternoon G. B. Files, '69, principal of the Lewiston High School, discussed the the question, "Do the pupils in the public schools fail to remember what they learn, assimilate what they study, and develop intellectual power, because— (*a*) Of an imperfect school system and defective courses of study? (*b*) Of faulty methods of instruction?" Immediately after this discussion J. H. Parsons, '81, principal of Augusta High School, read a paper on the subject, "How can the Teacher Grow in Efficiency?" Saturday morning, January 3d, F. H. Nickerson, '86, principal of Saccarappa High School, considered the question, "Why and how should the essential parts of the work of preceding grades be reviewed each year?" G. A. Stuart, '77, Superintendent of Schools, Lewiston, discussed the subject, "Necessity and Feasibility of County Institutes." Mr. Sampson was also elected Chairman of the Advisory Board, and is *ex-officio* Chairman of the Executive Committee. Professor Jordan and Mr. Nickerson are also members of the Advisory Board.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner, of Lawrence, Mass., is editor of the "Free Baptist Year Book" for 1891.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, as principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., is gaining a high reputation as an educator. His salary is at present $2,000.

'76.—In the *Morning Star* of January 1st, Rev. T. H. Stacy continues the story of his trip, under the title, "Westward Bound." This letter was written on the steamer "Kobe Maru," in Kobe Harbor, Japan, and is dated November 20, 1890. Mr. Stacy describes the ocean voyage in a very interesting way, closing with the landing at Yokohama.

'77.—L. A. Burr, late principal of the Grammar School in Malden, Mass., is principal of a grammar school in Chelsea, Mass.

'79.—W. E. Ranger, principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt., has recently been elected President of the Vermont Teachers' Association.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, W. E. Ranger, M. C. Smart, and A. E. Tuttle, all of '79, are to build a house in Moulton-borough Niche, on Lake Win-

nipiseogee, for a summer resort. All the class are welcome to "Camp '79."

'80.—Rev. J. H. Heald, who resigned his pastorate at Bennington, N. H., on account of ill health, has accepted a call to the Congregational church in Trinidad, Col.

'80.—The present address of Rev. F. L. Hayes is 1519 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

'82.—J. C. Perkins, who will graduate from Harvard Divinity School next June, has accepted the call extended to him by the First Parish Church in Portland, to be associate pastor with the Rev. Dr. Hill. He will begin his labors in September.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick and Miss Bertha M. Harriman, both of Gardiner, were married December 25th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. S. Ladd.

'85.—Friday evening, January 2d, F. A. Morey gave an interesting lecture to the Lewiston and Auburn Law Students' Club, at his office.

'86.—Letters have been received by friends in Lewiston announcing the safe arrival at Madras, India, of Rev. Charles Hadley and wife.

'86.—A. H. Dunn has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Fairplay, Col., and accepted the submastership of the High School at Golden, Col.

'87.—"A Library Acquaintance" is the title of an article by Israel Jordan, recently published in the *Morning Star*. It is the twelfth in the series of "Alumni Articles."

'87.—Rev. J. W. Moulton was ordained and installed as pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Middle Haddam, Conn., on December 30th.

'88.—F. A. Weeman is submaster of the High School in Trinidad, Col.

'89.—F. J. Daggett is taking a post-graduate course in Brown University in connection with his work in the Friends' School in Providence.

'90.—A number of the members of '90 had a social reunion, on the evening of December 29th, at the home of Miss Jennie L. Pratt, in Auburn.

'90.—H. V. Neal, who has been principal of the Barstow High School, Mattapoisett, Mass., has resigned and accepted a position as master in the Cathedral School of St. Paul (Stewart Memorial), Garden City, Long Island. Mr. Neal spent the holidays at his home in Auburn.

DIVINITY SCHOOL.

'87.—Rev. Horace F. Young died at Milton, N. H., November 30, 1890, after an illness of over four months. He leaves a wife and two children.

BATES ALUMNI BANQUET.

The seventh annual dinner of the Bates Alumni Association of Boston was held Tuesday evening, December 30th, at Young's Hotel. A business meeting was held prior to the dinner, and at this the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75; Vice-President, A. E. Tuttle, '79; Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Smith, '73.

At the dinner Dr. F. A. Twitchell, '81, was at the head of the table and at his right sat the guest of the occa-

sion, Prof. T. L. Angell, of Bates. After the *menu* had been properly attended to, there was a discussion of general subjects and a relation of college reminiscences. The speakers were Prof. T. L. Angell, Prof. G. C. Chase, '68, Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69, George E. Gay, '72, H. S. Cowell, '75, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, '79, Dr. W. Waters, '83.

With regard to Professor Angell's speech the *Boston Globe* said: "Professor Angell spoke of the increasing number of young women who are yearly attending the college, and said that 'the boys' nowadays take quite kindly to them, whereas a dozen years ago there was considerable opposition manifested. He favored co-education, and was glad that Bates had been sensible enough to admit women."

The following is a list of the alumni present: Prof. G. C. Chase, Prof. G. C. Emery, '68; Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69; Geo. E. Gay, Rev. T. G. Wilder, '72; F. Hutchinson, Geo. E. Smith, '73; Rev. Thomas Spooner, '74; H. S. Cowell, Dr. L. M. Palmer, F. L. Washburn, '75; Dr. W. O. Collins, I. C. Phillips, '76; L. A. Burr, '77; B. S. Hurd, '78; A. E. Tuttle, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, '79; C. P. Sanborn, Dr. F. A. Twitchell, '81; C. H. Libby, '82; H. W. Hopkins, C. C. Smith, '88; A. N. Peaslee, '90.

The secretary of the association has requested us to publish the following extract from his circular letter to the alumni: "All alumni, wherever they reside, are cordially invited to be present; and we hope those from a distance will plan their visits to Boston so as to be present on these occasions."

STUDENTS.

The following is, we believe, a complete list of the students that have been away teaching, with their addresses:

'91.	
Miss S. D. Chipman,	Monmouth.
N. G. Howard,	Turner.
Miss F. L. Larrabee,	Upper Gloucester.
F. W. Larrabee,	Tenant's Harbor.
A. D. Pinkham,	Orr's Island.
F. L. Pugsley,	Camden.
'92.	
C. N. Blanchard,	Atlantic.
Miss J. F. King,	South Paris.
J. R. Little,	Wells.
Miss V. E. Meserve,	New Gloucester.
L. M. Sanborn,	North Baldwin.
A. D. Shepard,	Scarboro.
Miss A. V. Stevens,	South Paris.
O. A. Tuttle,	South Lee, N. H.
E. E. Wheeler,	Swan's Island.
'93.	
R. S. Baker,	Cape Neddick.
K. C. Brown,	Farmington.
G. M. Chase,	New Gloucester.
Miss H. D. Church,	Deerfield Center, N. H.
W. M. Dutton,	Farmington.
J. F. Fanning,	Lubec.
F. L. Hoffman,	Pittston.
Miss R. Hutchinson,	Monmouth.
A. P. Irving,	Wilton.
A. B. Libby,	Pittston.
G. L. Mason,	West Lebanon.
W. C. Marden,	Swanville.
J. B. McFadden,	Riggsville.
L. E. Moulton,	Martinsville.
Miss M. A. Peabody,	Hermon.
E. L. Pennell,	Madison.
F. E. Perkins,	Ogunquit.
L. A. Ross,	North Bradford.
W. F. Sims,	Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
E. W. Small,	Edgecomb.
C. C. Spratt,	Liberty Village.
'94.	
H. M. Cook,	Westport.
Miss E. J. Elliott,	Brockton, Mass.
W. R. Fletcher,	Paris.
W. A. French,	East Sangerville.
S. I. Graves,	Bowdoinham.

E. J. Hatch,	Elliot.
J. B. Hoag,	Truro, Mass.
J. W. Leathers,	Dover.
Miss K. A. Leslie,	Gray.
W. E. Page,	Castle Hill.
A. W. Small,	West Bowdoin.
J. C. Woodman,	Bucksport.
Miss M. Wylie,	South Albany, Vt.

EXCHANGES.

We extend heartiest greetings to our Exchanges, one and all; may the greatest prosperity attend them throughout the coming year! We hope that none of our old friends will forsake our table, as they will always receive a warm welcome from us.

We regret that we are unable to review more of the excellent magazines before us, particularly of those exclusively devoted to literary work; but this is rendered impossible by limited space, and by the determination to write rather for our subscribers than for our brother editors. In accordance with this resolve, we expect to give this year, in our exchange column, as much variety as possible, to select items or condense articles that will be interesting to subscribers and helpful to the college, and to glance as far as may be into all parts of the college literary world.

It is with this aim that we offer this month a discussion on German student life, abridged from articles in *The Campus*, of the University of Rochester, and the *Pacific Pharos*, of the University of the Pacific:

The earlier training in the German schools is most tedious and severe. In the gymnasium, which prepares the young student for the university, the mere child learns not only to read and write but also to *speak* Latin and Greek. The discipline is almost tyrannical, and the work for severity and thoroughness has no parallel in the world save possibly in the *Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris. This continual grind is enforced until the studies of the gymnasium are completed. This is about equivalent to the end of the Sophomore year in Harvard. The long-dreaded final examinations of the gymnasium being finished, the student needs only a certificate to be admitted into any university in the Fatherland. With such a preparatory course do we wonder that Germany is the land of schools, that German students are famous for scholarship and research?

Yet even this discipline has a permanent effect only upon those whose tastes are really scholarly. Upon entering a university much greater freedom is given to the student. He is allowed to impose his own tasks, divide his time, and accomplish his ends as he sees fit. To try to deprive him of this freedom—his *Freiheit*—would be to try to overthrow jealously guarded principles, reaching away back into the darkness of mediæval times. Some students, who have so long been under the strictest discipline, finding themselves suddenly free from all restrictions and regulations, do not study or regularly attend lectures for a long time.

Especially does the custom in reference to lectures allow and even invite shirking. The student selects the lectures he desires to attend and writes the names of them in his course book. This he hands to the professor or the latter's servant, at the beginning of the term, and the professor signs his name opposite his course; which is evidence that the student has attended the lectures *which are yet to come*. The student can attend these lectures if he chooses, but having at the beginning of the term the names of the professors in his course book, he receives credit for attending them, even if he is absent from every one.

Then the societies offer a great temptation to slight literary work. There are no oratorical or debating societies, but the members seem to be banded together chiefly to learn student etiquette, bravery, and dueling. The requirements for active membership in some societies are such that no time is left for study or lectures, and in nearly every case the active society man returns home at the end of his course to live a life of idleness, or if this is denied him, he goes to another university at the beginning of the second or third year,

where he can lead a quiet life and study hard for examinations.

Special pride in and regard for one's *Alma Mater* is seldom found, since so many students change from one institution to another during the course. But while the university spirit is comparatively weak, the student spirit is strong. There is a common pride of intellect and culture—a common consecration to Fatherland and Kaiser, a characteristic student patriotism.

There is little in games, sports, or athletics to take the student's attention from his work. Gymnastics, foot-ball, base-ball, boating, lawn tennis, and other games familiar to Americans are totally unknown to German students. They swim and dance in an awkward fashion, but swimming is not an amusement. They cannot be induced to look at base-ball. The pitcher is for one of them a veritable battery whose missile it is his business to dodge—not catch.

It is a curious fact that it has required action on the part of the authorities to introduce games generally into German schools. The children do not take to them spontaneously. It remains for military service to give to the youth of the country the best gymnastic training of their lives.

In dueling the Germans seem, to Americans at least, almost a century behind the times, while in Germany, Americans seem utterly lacking in courage or manhood, so much so that American students taking a course there are seldom challenged and their acceptances hardly ever expected. Though the popular feeling among the students still makes one or two duels necessary to a good standing in the university, serious duels are no longer of common occurrence and the practice is slowly dying out.

Despite the many customs that seem strange to us, and that for a few may interfere with the real work of the university, the majority of the students do not forget the real purpose of their course, and that it means more to them than any of the frivolities of the life outside. Indeed such a high standard of scholarship, and so many brilliant results in their work, could not have been otherwise attained.

Yet as scholars they are deep rather than broad, choosing to explore the hidden recesses of some little corner rather than venture upon the conquest of the whole. The consequent narrowness is a fault, and has been deplored by many eminent leaders of thought in Germany—notably Bluntschli. One of the most brilliant mathematicians among the students at Berlin upon being invited to go to hear Wagner—the great Bismarckian Socialist—asked what political economy was about. Such ignorance is, of course, exceptional, yet it serves to illustrate what is certainly a general tendency toward exclusive specialization.

Yet this specialization has been the glory of the German universities. It has developed and fostered a perfect passion for original research. Once on the trail of a truth the German will pursue it with the obstinate pertinacity of a hound. A story is told of a young German, who was conducting a series of experiments upon the electrical conductivity of certain saline solutions. For many months he made measurements into which entered the instrumental equation of a very delicate galvanometer suspended from the ceiling by two cocoon fibres. One morning he came in to find that the janitor, in dusting, had swept down his instrument, thereby rendering valueless the vast majority of his results. The German only exclaimed after a long breath, "*Ich muss noch einmal anfangen*" (I must begin again). Begin again he did, working his way with irresistible patience to success.

It is in the presence of examples like this that a German university has been defined as "a body of leaders and led banded together in a pure and passionate search after truth."

We thank the *Kentucky University Tablet* for the appreciation of the STUDENT, shown by its re-publication of the article by N. G. B., '91, entitled "Is Progress Unfavorable to Poetry?" and printed in the September number of the STUDENT. But we would suggest that it is somewhat misleading to quote from other college papers without giving due credit for the quotation.

All efforts to find Professor Bancroft of Brown, who disappeared some weeks ago, have failed; his position will be filled for the remainder of the year by Prof. John M. Manly.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The blood-curdling yell with which the Syracuse University Freshman greets the Sophomore is:

Rip-Rah-Ree!
Ninety-Three!
Gone like McGinty,
To the bottom of the sea.—*Ex.*

One of the most striking features of the American college life of this century has been the rise of college journalism. This originated at Dartmouth in 1800, Daniel Webster being then in college and becoming a prominent contributor to the newly-established paper. Now there are 190 college journals in the United States; and five of these, namely, the *Harvard Daily Crimson*, the *Yale News*, the *Princetonian*, the *Cornell Daily Sun*, and the *University of Michigan Daily*, are published every day.

President Carter of Williams College is a practical Prohibitionist. Recently the town of Williamstown authorized the granting of two liquor licenses; but no saloons were opened, and it was found that the President of Williams had quietly bought the two licenses.—*Ex.*

At Yale, students are ranked on the scale of 4. The highest rank ever given to a student is 3.73, which was received by the valedictorian of 1868. —*Ex.*

Rev. John M. Cummings, a former member of the Colby nine, is making a very odd use of his base-ball talent. He has introduced the game among the pupils of the mission school at Henzada, Burmah, with marked success. The young Burmese like the game wonderfully, and the school has never been so thriving as since its introduction.

The authorities of Dartmouth recently succeeded in driving a certain liquor dealer out of Hanover, only to see him establish himself at Norwich, on the Vermont side of the Connecticut, just across the bridge. But the college authorities did not propose to be beaten in this way, and they moved upon him so vigorously that in the trial which just closed over 1000 offenses were proved. The jury found only 715. He was fined $8,000. One or more of the Faculty of Dartmouth were constantly present during the trial.

The new library building of the University of Pennsylvania, which is nearly completed, will be the finest library building in the country.—*Ex.*

The average expenses at Yale, per year, have been for each Freshman, $783.96; Sophomore, $831.34; Junior, $884.17; and Senior, $919.80. The largest expense reported for a single student was $2,908.

President Andrews of Brown, has proposed a new marking system for the Senior class in psychology. Eight or ten men, chosen from the class, will mark every recitation through the term. These marks are then to be averaged, and the averages thus obtained will constitute the term marks of the class. It is a novel scheme, and will be watched with interest.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The city of Vienna has 169 places for the gymnastic exercises of its

school children; 26,961 boys and 20,061 girls were instructed, last year, by 427 turn teachers.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Beginning with this year two prizes of $60 and $40, respectively, are offered at Haverford to the two Sophomores or Juniors, who shall have pursued the most profitable course of reading during the year, due regard being given to health. The judges are to be the President, the Professor of English Literature, and the Librarian.
—*University News.*

At the University of Virginia no holidays are given with the single exception of Christmas. Lectures proceed on Saturdays, Thanksgiving, New-Year's Day, and Washington's Birthday, just as if there were no such things.—*Mail and Express.*

Edward S. Martin, an ex-editor of the *Harvard Advocate*, in which paper his first poems appeared, is the recipient of an unexpected piece of good-fortune. An English firm, finding an anonymous volume of his poems, re-printed it, and sold twelve thousand copies. They then, with unusual generosity, advertised for the author, found him, and made him the sharer of their profits.

An experiment, hitherto untried by physicists, was successfully performed in the physical laboratory of Colby University, Wednesday, Dec. 31st, by Prof. Edward W. Morley of Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, and Prof. William A. Rogers of Colby University. The experiment consisted in measuring, by means of the wave lengths of light the changes in the length of bars of metal caused by variations of temperature. A machine constructed by Professor Rogers for the special purpose was employed, and changes in the length were measured in millionths of an inch. The machine used has been three months in building, and was constructed at the foundry of Webster & Phillips, Waterville. The success of this experiment will attract the attention of physicists in all parts of the world.—*Lewiston Journal.*

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The January *Century* contains the first paper on "The Memoirs of Talleyrand," together with an introductory sketch of his career, by Whitelaw Reid. Talleyrand served under eight masters, and, says Mr. Reid: "In diplomatic skill and success contemporary public opinion held him the first man of his period, that is to say, for half a century the first man in all Europe. As to real influence on affairs, it is doubtful if any minister since can be said to have exerted as much, with the exceptions only of Bismarck and Cavour. Even they did not cover so wide a range or deal with such a bewildering variety of negotiations, extending over so great a time, and furthering the views of so many masters." His "Memoirs," their publication being forbidden by him for thirty years after his death and then by the authorities until 1890, are now about to appear in five volumes, and the *Century* is to publish an article on each volume before the appearance of the books

themselves. This, the first installment, deals briefly and concisely with his childhood, his early experiences in Parisian society, his opinion of La Fayette, from which it is evident that he did not like America's favorite Frenchman, the American Revolution and its influence on the French, the Duke of Orleans, of whom he speaks in a tone far from complimentary, the origin of the French Revolution, his sojourn in England and conversation with Arnold, his trip to the United States and views of our domestic policy, concluding with a talk with Alexander Hamilton on free trade and protection. It is of interest to note his opinion of Hamilton,—that he was "on a par with the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, without excepting Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox." This number of the *Century* also contains a timely article on "How to Develop American Sentiment Among the Immigrants." There are several articles on California, three chapters on Morgan's raid, two continued stories, several complete stories, and a number of other articles.

The holiday *Outing* comes to us bright and spicy. Beautifully illustrated and filled with an excellent variety of matter, it can hardly fail to be appreciated. The short foot-ball story, "The Old Boy and the New," by J. S. Wood, representing a game between Harvard and Yale, is more than fascinating. Some of its pathos is almost unequaled. In "The Princeton Cane Spree," by T. W. Hotchkiss, Jr., we have an interesting account of what might be equally well termed "A Civilized Cane-Rush." Three men—a light-weight, a middle-weight, and a heavy-weight—are chosen from each of the under classes, placed on equal footing, and allowed to determine the merits of their respective classes by perfectly fair means. It is simply a contest of strength and skill. Why not introduce it into other institutions? There is also a thrilling story, entitled "Honeymooning Under Difficulties"; illustrated articles on "The Active Militia of Canada," "Flash-Light Photography," "Shasta of Siskiyou," "How to Sail on Skates," "Jupiter Inlet, Florida," "Lost in the Rockies," "The Mystery of a Christmas Hunt," and numerous other subjects. It concludes with a beautiful poem on "Bygones," by Charles Hampton.

The January *Atlantic* opens with the first of a series of articles by Percival Lowell, on "Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan," followed by a plea for terrestrial physics as a distinct department of instruction, in "A New University Course," by Cleveland Abbe. There is a paper by C. W. Clark, on "Compulsory Arbitration," in which he depicts the easy-going tendency of Americans to submit to the domination of their servants, be they the Irish cook, the street-railway, or Congress. Josiah Royce, in his first paper on "Two Philosophers of the Paradoxical," gives a lucid analysis of the character and teachings of Hegel. Professor Shaler pleads earnestly for greater "Individualism in Education." He argues that our routine methods should be abandoned and more attention paid to the make-up of each individual. After remarking that the difference in ability

to cope with mathematics shown in the examinations at the University of Cambridge—a difference of one hundred fold between the average man and the best—is true of all other branches, he goes on to say with much aptness that to prepare men of such varied abilities for life by our ordinary routine methods "is as fit as if we gave the same training to eagles and hares, and sought to bring about the same methods of life." Adolphe Cohn has an article on "Boulangism and the Republic," by no means flattering to France's latest upstart and his coterie of backers. In "The Lesson of the Pennsylvania Election" H. C. Lea of Philadelphia rejoices that political trickery has received a set-back similar to that which crushed the infamous "Tweed Ring" in New York, but warns enthusiasts to beware lest its effects are only momentary and a "Tammany Hall" shall rise to take its place. "The House of Martha" and "Felicia" continue to please their readers. Sophia Kirk gives a charming description of a Swiss farming village.

The December *Education* promises a number of changes and improvements to be inaugurated within a few months. The present number contains a timely arraignment of some of the startling revelations made by President Eliot at the recent Massachusetts State Teachers' Convention. The fifth paper on the "Study of Greece," by Maud Burnside presents a clear outline for work on the Dorian Migration, the Delphic Oracle, and the State of Society during the Legendary Period. It is an article of great value to the teacher, the student, and the general reader. Professor H. K. Wolfe, Ph.D., contributes a paper on "Observations on the Study of Children," in which he notes many interesting facts relative to the capability of children of both sexes to distinguish colors. These facts are the results of actual experiments and favor the girls, who answered correctly over sixty-seven per cent. of the questions asked, while the boys were successful with only sixty-two per cent. of them. The writer predicts that the new methods of studying more carefully the minds of pupils will result in making teachers the principal contributors to psychological literature. "The Greek Poets and the Flowers" is the subject of an article by Professor Lyford. Among other articles are "The Breathing Powers in Relation to Voice Production," "Classification of Children, School Reports," II., and "School Superintendence in Cities."

BOOK NOTICE.

"The Leading Facts of American History," by D. H. Montgomery. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

This is a work of four hundred and twelve pages, embracing in a clear and concise manner the principal events of our entire history. Intended primarily for use in schools, so pleasing is its style, so convenient the arrangement, and so reliable the statements, that it is a book worthy the attention of every student of American History, and deserving a place in every library of reference. In addition to the usual matter, its well-prepared appendix

includes a valuable list of books on American history carefully arranged according to the period they cover. It contains sixteen full and double-page maps and seventeen full page illustrations, besides a great many smaller cuts and plans.

POETS' CORNER.

TRANSLATION.

(Hor. Carm. 16, Lib. II.)

When tempests wild rage on the Ægean main,
And dark clouds hide fair Luna's crest,
Nor shines one star in heaven with luster clear,
Men cry unto the gods for rest.

For rest Thrace cries, with martial fury filled,
For rest, the Parthian archer bold;
For rest, O Grosphus, purchased not with gems,—
Nor purple dyes, nor yellow gold.

For royal treasure is of no avail,
Nor has a consul lictor's power,
To stay the wretched tumult of the mind,
The anxious thought of kings each hour.

He who with present wealth is well-content,
With joy in poverty shall meet,
Since craven fear or sordid avarice
Disquiet not his slumbers sweet.

Our strength is brief,—why strive for many things?
Why seek lands burning 'neath the sun?
Although an exile from his native land,
What man his guilty self may shun?

Proud ships by all-corroding care are scaled;
Care, fleet steeds may not leave behind,
Outrivaling in speed the timid deer,
Swifter than tempest-driving wind.

With future grief disquiet not thyself,
O soul, content with present joy;
Greet sorrow with light smiles. Thou shalt not find
One pleasure free from all alloy.

A prey to sudden death Achilles fell,—
Age wasted all Tithonus' power;
A good to thee denied, greets me, perchance,
With changing fortune of the hour.

In thy rich pastures graze Sicilian herds
Of goodly cattle; the fleet steed,
Loud-neighing, draws thy chariot; while thou,
Their master, knowing naught of need,

Art clad in purple. But to me the Fates,
Truth-telling, gave the gift of song,
And quiet home where I might dwell unmoved
By murmurs from the envious throng.

—*N. G. B., '91, in Stranger.*

WORK AND PLAY.

When rosy-fingered Dawn awakes,
And midst her radiance one lone star still blinks,
Then chum and I began our *work*—
A-playing tiddledy-winks.

When in the brightening western sky,
The blazing chariot of Phœbus sinks,
Then chum and I put in our *sport*—
A-playing tiddledy-winks.

—*Z., '92.*

PRESENT YOUR BILL.

Our lives are but the record
Of the world and us in deal;
With us 'tis always gain or loss,
'Tis always woe or weal;
The world is always handing in
Demands for us to fill;
So if our side would balance up,
We must present our bill.

'Tis not alone financially
This maxim holds its truth,
But in our general success,
And in our fame, forsooth;
Our heads may burst with knowledge,
With genius, art, and skill,
And no one be the wiser
If we don't present our bill.

We get most useful knowledge
From the things we see about;
If we see some one successful,
We find the reason out;
If we see mosquitoes satisfied,
'Tis when they've had their fill,
And the reason they've obtained it,
They're not bashful with the bill.

In different kinds of business
My rule is held supreme;
To one I call attention,
It illustrates well my theme.

What makes the circus manager
His mammoth tent-cloth fill?
My friends, 'tis but the placing
Of the Jumbo on the bill.

And so let's take this lesson home,
And use it on our way;
'Tis one that always will apply,
You'll use it every day.
Should you decide to practice law,
Or sling the deadly pill,
Remember well this caution,
Always present your bill.

My moral now is clear to all,
'Tis plain in white and black;
If you fall behind this struggling world,
You know the thing you lack.
If I get no other riches,
I'll dying make my will,
And leave this as a legacy—
My son, present your bill.

—*A. C. F., '92.*

WARNING.

Sanctum,
Paper and pen,
Fingers bedaubed with ink;
Hair extracted by handfuls,
Scene,—young editors trying to think.

Scissors!
Paste, weary brain;
Soon will acquaintance be sought;
Hunted,—subscriber with shot gun;
Verdict,—"Foolish young editors thought."

—*X., '92.*

POT-POURRI.

A Senior nursing his first moustache,
A Vassar maiden on the "mash."
Quoth he, to chaff, "I've heard they row,
Play base-ball, swim, and bend the bow;
But really now, I'd like to know
If they play foot-ball at Vassar?

He smole a smile that was sharp and keen,
She blushed a blush that was hardly seen,
And thought him just a little mean,
Thus trying to surpass her.

But she straightway blushed a deeper red,
While the sunlight danced on her golden head;
With an artful look in her eye she said,
Gazing modestly on the ground:

"'Tis awfully rough to tackle and run,
And one's complexion is spoiled by the sun,
But once in a while for the sake of the fun,
At Vassar we touch *down*."

The Senior nor left nor fled his place,
But "tackled" her gently around the waist,
She whispered "held" with winning grace,
And then touched *down* for safety. —*Ex.*

In a certain college in Western Pennsylvania it is customary for the Junior class to furnish the music for the Senior address. On a recent occasion, as the Seniors were marching to the platform, headed by the President of the college, the Juniors began to sing: "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."—*Ex.*

Lady Lecturer (on woman's rights, growing warm)—"Where would man be if it had not been for woman?" (After a pause and looking around the hall) "I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?" Voice from the gallery—"E'ed be in Paradise, ma'am."—*The Jester.*

First Old Maid (excitedly)—"There's a man under the bed." Second Old Maid (calmly)—"Lock the doors."

—*Epoch.*

The paper called the *United Irishman* ought to be known hereafter as the *Dissected Hibernian.*—*Judge.*

Bridget—"What! yer want a dollar for that old hat I sold yer yesterday for fifty cents, yer old skinflint?" Isaac (scornfully)—"Skinflint! Vy, if you vants der hat and I vants it, vy dot makes der demand twice so great as bevore, don't it? Ain't you never studied politigal egonomy?"

—*Yale Record.*

The religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next.

—*Emerson.*

The hall was dark. I heard
The rustle of a skirt.
"Ha ha," thought I, "I'll catch
You now, my little flirt!"

Softly I sallied forth,
Resolved when I had kissed her
That I'd make her believe
I'd thought it was my sister.

The deed was done, Oh, bliss!
Could any man resist her?
Apology was made—
Alas! it was my sister! —*Ex.*

Precocious Boy—"Mamma, was Ananias killed for telling just one lie?" Mamma—"He was, my son." Boy (thoughtfully)—"There has been a change in the administration since Ananias' time, hasn't there, mamma?"

—*Ex.*

When a man begins to travel around the world on his religion, I am as afraid of him as of a three-card-monte sharp.—*Century.*

"Julia, queried her bashful lover, why do you wear such a large button on your waistbelt?" "You press the button," said Julia, who owns a Kodak, "and I'll do the rest."—*Ex.*

The difference between repartee and impudence is the size of the man who says it.—*Ex.*

Ethel—"Does this picture do me justice?" Maud—"It does something nobler, dear. It shows you mercy."

A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a dollar bill. If he found him, when he returned, reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman out of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he did return, he found the boy sitting on the Bible, with the dollar bill in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician out of him.—*Ex.*

When woman loves and will not show it
What can her lover do?
I asked a scholar and a poet,
But neither wise fool seemed to know it;
So, lady, I ask you.

Were you in love—let me suppose it—
What should your lover do?
You know you love him, and he knows it;
Oh, why not then, to him disclose it,
As he his love to you? —*R. H. Stoddard.*

B. A. J. (reviewing Sunday School)—"Now children, during the past quarter we have gained some knowledge of the characters of some of the Old Testament heroes. Prominent among these have been David and Job. Now can any little boy tell the difference between these two men?" Johnnie Dauck—"Yeth thir, I can." B. A. J.—"That's good. Speak up loud, Johnnie." Johnnie—"David wath a manly boy, and Job wath a boily man." B. A. J.—"Let us be dismissed."—*Ex.*

He—"Hello! I wonder where my hat has gone?" She (glancing at the clock)—"It must have gone home."

—*Ex.*

"Say, Babb, did you ever propose to my wife?" "Why do you ask?" "Oh, because, when I gave her your love, as you told me to do in your letter, she said, "Chestnuts."

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 25, 1891.

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